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DP7™

DISPLACED PARANORMALS

DISPLACED
PARANORMALS
D.P.7
WAR DOGS
AAAAAH! I-I'M ON FIRE!

DECEMBER 24, 1987, 1:52 P.M.

DAVE! DAVE-- SETTLE DOWN! YOU'RE SAFE NOW!

DR. O'BRIEN-- RANDY. WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?

HE'S STILL DISORIENTED-- HALLUCINATING, I GUESS.

G-GOTTA MOVE MY FAT BUTT OR I'M GONNA--AAAOWW!

!

M-MY FOOT!

!

HUH? WHAT'S THAT BIG RED THING?

UH-OH, THE SIGHT OF MY SUIT IS UNNERVING HIM FURTHER.

AAAARH!

Newsstand

GROCERIA

MAN, DAVE'S REALLY FAR GONE.

HE MUST'VE BEEN THROUGH THE WAINGER DOWN THERE.

SO WEIRD SEEING JEFF LYING STILL--HE'S USUALLY SHAKING WITH EXCESS ENERGY. HE'S SO THIN--! IF WE DON'T FIND SOME FOOD FOR HIM SOON, HE'LL PROBABLY DIE...!

DAVE MUST HAVE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS.

MISS FENZL, WHAT'S HAPPENING?

OH, GREAT...I REALLY DID A NUMBER ON MY MAX ARMOR PULLING THOSE TWO MEN OUT OF THE PITT--I DON'T KNOW IF I'LL BE ABLE TO--! EH?

Mobil

"WHEN THOSE... *ANTIBODIES* AND I FINALLY LOCATED THEM, THEY WERE SECONDS AWAY FROM BEING SUBMERGED IN *LAVA!* *

"YOU SEE, THE BOTTOM OF THE PITT IS PERILOUSLY CLOSE TO THE EARTH'S *MAGMA LAYER*, AND IT'S A HOT-BED OF *VOLCANIC ACTIVITY* DOWN THERE!

*LAST ISSUE.

THANK GOODNESS YOU GOT THAT FLYING ARMOR OF YOURS *WORKING* IN TIME!

THAT'S RIGHT... *MERRIAM*, WASN'T IT? I GOT IT WORKING *ONCE* BUT I THINK I'M OUT OF LUCK *THIS TIME*.

OL' *SPITFIRE* IS GOING TO NEED A HECKUVA LOT OF WORK BEFORE IT CAN TAKE SO MUCH AS ANOTHER *STEP*. I JUST DON'T HAVE THE *RIGHT TOOLS*...

WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO *SHELTER* QUICKLY, HE'S LOSING *HEAT* RAPIDLY...

WITHOUT MY ARMOR, YOUR BIG FRIEND IS GOING TO BE NEXT TO IMPOSSIBLE TO *MOVE*.

WE'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING...

THIS WOMAN SAVED *DAVE'S* LIFE... *JEFF'S*, TOO. GUESS THAT MAKES UP FOR HER ACCIDENTAL KILLING OF ONE OF MY *ANTIBODIES*...*

*ALSO LAST ISSUE.

KRA-KOOM

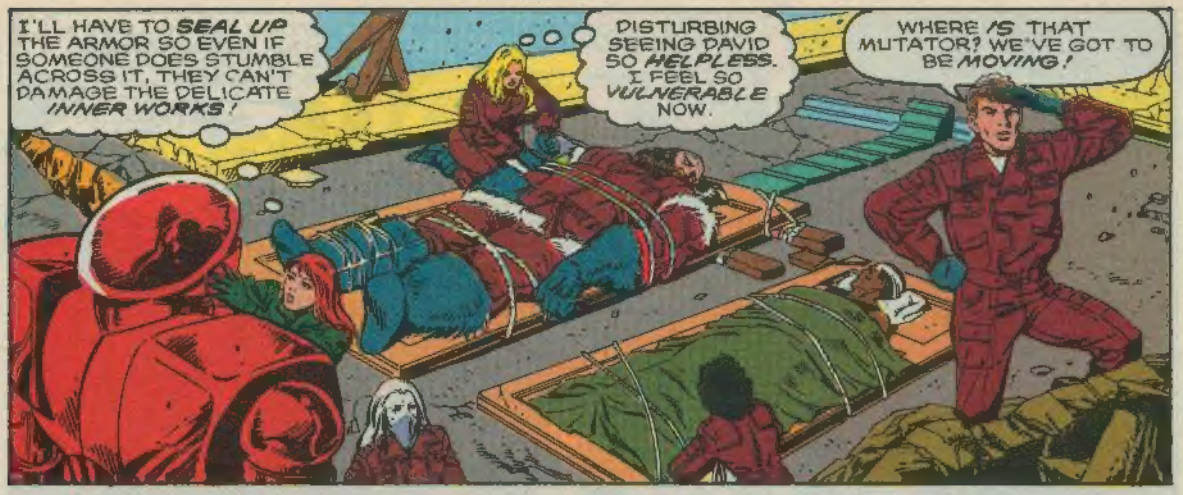
HNH?

WHAT'S THAT?

I'M GOING TO GO SEE WHAT IT *IS*! BE BACK SOON!

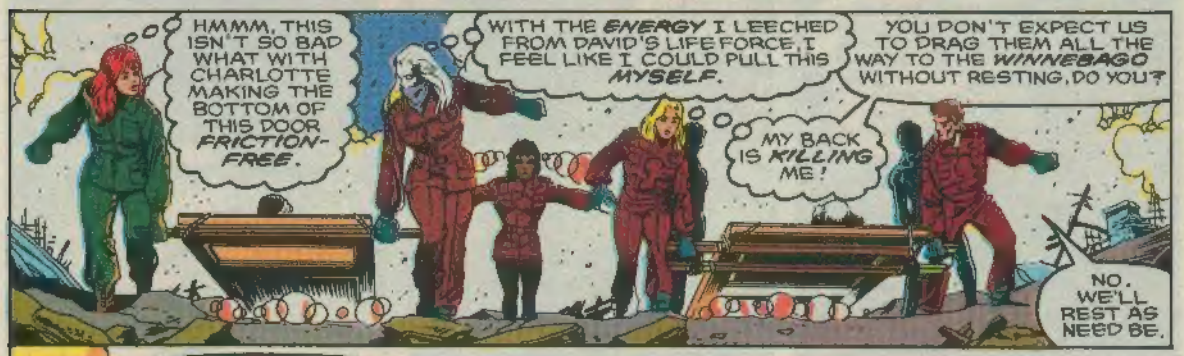
MUTATOR-- BE CAREFUL!

ALMOST SOUNDS LIKE SHE *CARES* WHAT HAPPENS TO ME.


I'LL HAVE TO SEAL UP THE ARMOR SO EVEN IF SOMEONE DOES STUMBLE ACROSS IT, THEY CAN'T DAMAGE THE DELICATE INNER WORKS!
DISTURBING SEEING DAVID SO HELPLESS. I FEEL SO VULNERABLE NOW.
WHERE IS THAT MUTATOR? WE'VE GOT TO BE MOVING!

I HATE HAVING TO LEAVE MAX BEHIND... WHY DO I HAVE THIS SICK FEELING I'M NEVER GOING TO SEE IT AGAIN?
GET A GRIP, SWENSEN! FATIGUE'S MAKING YOU SILLY!

CHICO! GO LOOK FOR THAT GOOFY MUTATOR!
CHARLY, YOU SET
YEAH


HMMM, THIS ISN'T SO BAD WHAT WITH CHARLOTTE MAKING THE BOTTOM OF THIS DOOR FRICTION-FREE.
WITH THE ENERGY I LEECHED FROM DAVID'S LIFE FORCE, I FEEL LIKE I COULD PULL THIS MYSELF.
YOU DON'T EXPECT US TO DRAG THEM ALL THE WAY TO THE WINNEBAGO WITHOUT RESTING, DO YOU?
MY BACK IS KILLING ME!
NO. WE'LL REST AS NEED BE.

THERE'S YOUR ANTIBODY--LOOKS LIKE HE FOUND MUTATOR!

UH, HULLO.

YOU FIGURE OUT WHAT THAT SOUND WAS?
NO... I DIDN'T.
LISTEN... GEORGE. NO MORE RUNNING OFF WITHOUT CHECKING WITH ME FIRST. GOT THAT?
ER... SURE.

I NOTICE YOU'VE LOST ALL OF YOUR SPIDERINESS. WHAT ARE YOU TURNING INTO NOW?
SOMETHING FURRY... WITH CLAWS. A BADGER OR WOLVERINE... MAYBE A MOLE.
APPRECIATE YOUR TAKING OVER FOR ME.
SURE.

A HALF HOUR LATER...
MY HEAD IS REALLY POUNDING FROM ALL THAT DEFRICTIONING I'VE BEEN DOING, RANDY.
I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER I CAN KEEP IT UP.

IT'S OBVIOUS WE'RE NOT GOING TO MAKE IT TO THE WINNEBAGO FOR A COUPLE DAYS AT THIS RATE. WE'LL HAVE TO FIND SOMEWHERE TO SPEND THE NIGHT.
BUT WHERE? ALL THE HOUSES AND BUILDINGS HAVE BEEN LEVELLED!
I'M NOT SLEEPING IN A JUNKYARD!

I MIGHT BE ABLE TO FIND US A GOOD PLACE. OKAY IF I GO AND LOOK, DR. O'BRIEN?
ALL RIGHT.

GOT TO MAKE UP FOR MY FAILURE TO FIND OUT WHAT THAT BIG BOOM WAS...
SKRAKKKK

WOHHHHHHHHHHHHL!
KRRTSSH

MUTATOR--?
MUTATOR!!!

I, UH, FOUND SOMEPLACE.
CAN'T SEE YOU DOWN THERE. YOU OKAY?
YEAH, I'M FINE.

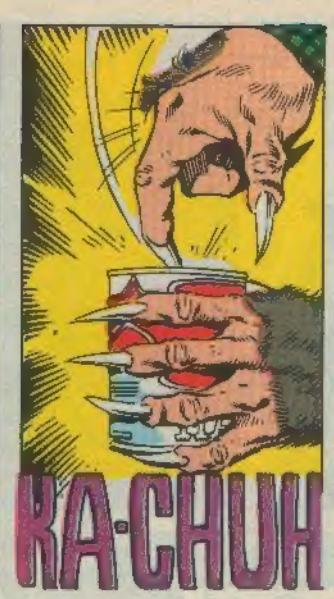
WOW. I CAN SEE PERFECTLY WELL. GUESS I GOT THE NIGHT VISION OF A MOLE.
HOLD ON, DR. O'BRIEN! I SEE A BETTER WAY DOWN THAN THE ONE I TOOK!

TA-DAAA!
UH, GOOD WORK, MU-- GEORGE.
LENORE, YOU GIVE OFF LIGHT. CHECK THE PLACE OUT. I'LL SEE TO MOVING DAVE AND JEFF.

AND...
EASY NOW... ALMOST THERE.
WHAT LUCK! WHOEVER LIVED HERE MUST HAVE BEEN A HUNTER OR CAMPER. HERE'S A KEROSENE LANTERN!

HEY! I FOUND FOOD! CANNED FOOD--THEY LOOK UNDAMAGED!
THEY OUGHTTA LOVE ME NOW!
THAT'S GREAT... GEORGE. NOW SEE IF YOU CAN FIND A CAN OPENER OR KNIFE.

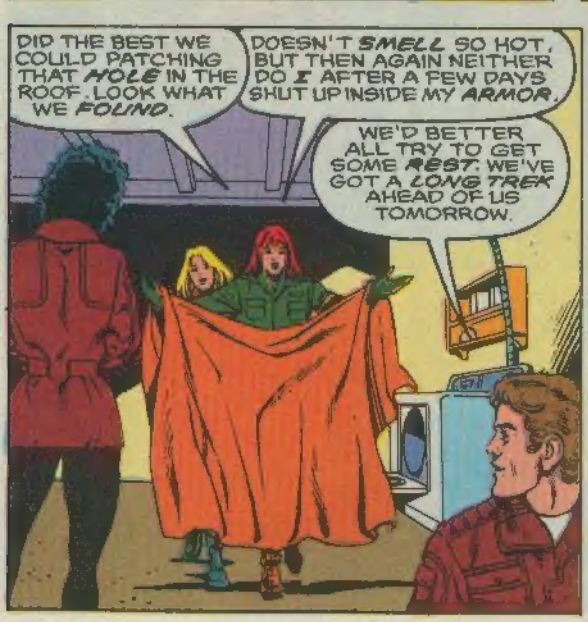
NO NEED.


KA-CHUH

GREAT! NO MATTER WHAT HE DOES, THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THAT GUY THAT'S SO HARD TO LIKE...

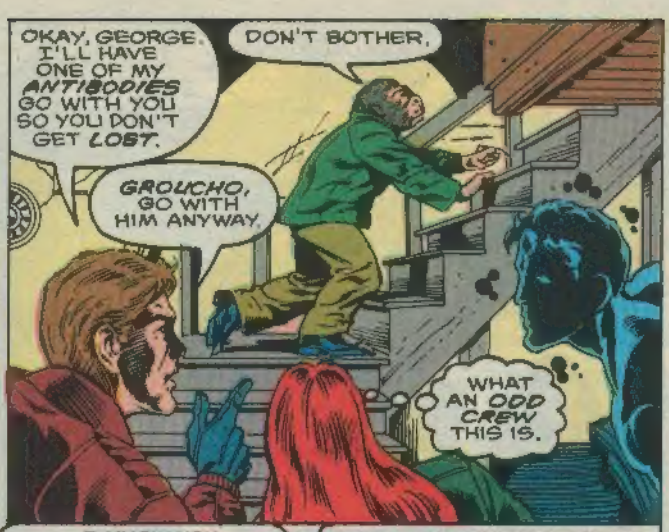
JEFF... WAKE UP, FELLA... WE'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU TO EAT.
GOT TO DO THIS SLOWLY... OR HE WON'T BE ABLE TO KEEP IT DOWN.
MMNNN?
DON'T WANT FOOD... WANT... MAMA...
YOU'VE GOT TO EAT, MAN--YOU'VE GOT TO.

POOR JEFFREY. HE ALWAYS SEEMED SO ATTACHED TO HIS FAMILY. AND NOW THEY'RE GONE.
MAKES ME WISH I'D GONE HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS LIKE MY FOLKS WANTED...


DID THE BEST WE COULD PATCHING THAT HOLE IN THE ROOF. LOOK WHAT WE FOUND.
DOESN'T SMELL SO HOT, BUT THEN AGAIN NEITHER DO I AFTER A FEW DAYS SHUT UP INSIDE MY ARMOR.
WE'D BETTER ALL TRY TO GET SOME REST. WE'VE GOT A LONG TREK AHEAD OF US TOMORROW.

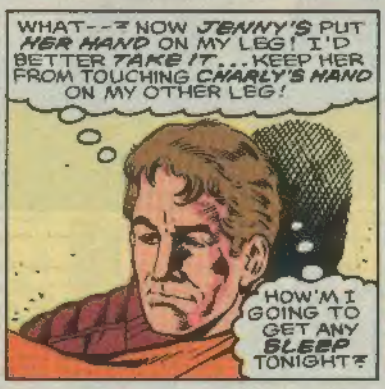
UH, I MAKE IT A RULE TO NEVER BED DOWN WITH STRANGERS. I'VE GATHERED WHAT MOST OF YOUR NAMES ARE. MY NAME'S JENNIFER SWENSEN. CALL ME JENNY.
WELCOME TO OUR EXPLORER'S CLUB, JENNY.
ICK! RANDY ISN'T ATTRACTED TO THAT ARMY CHICK--IS HE? BETTER NOT BE!
DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THERE'S ROOM FOR ME UNDER THAT BLANKET...

UH, I'M GONNA GO OUT SCOUTING. I HEARD SOME MORE EXPLOSIONS... I WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT THEY ARE THIS TIME. IS THAT COOL WITH YOU?
I DON'T HEAR ANY EXPLOSIONS.
MY HEARING'S BETTER THAN YOURS.


OKAY, GEORGE. I'LL HAVE ONE OF MY ANTIBODIES GO WITH YOU SO YOU DON'T GET LOST.
DON'T BOTHER.
GROUCHO, GO WITH HIM ANYWAY.
WHAT AN ODD CREW THIS IS.

OTHER THAN THEIR PARANORMAL TALENTS, THEY SEEM LIKE NICE, NORMAL PEOPLE... AND THIS DOCTOR FELLOW IS QUITE... INTERESTING.
A HAND ON MY LEG... CHARLY'S.
I KNOW YOU HAVE PROBLEMS WITH INTERRACIAL DATING, RANDY -- BUT I REALLY NEED CLOSENESS NOW. PLEASE TAKE MY HAND.
THIS... INTIMACY MAKES ME UNCOMFORTABLE.
WONDER IF THERE'S ANY SUBTLE WAY I CAN SLIP OUT OF THIS HUDDLE AND GO KEEP DAVID WARM?

I'VE BEEN THROUGH SO MUCH SINCE I WAS DROPPED INTO THE PITT LAST WEEK... AFTER A WHILE I WENT NUMB, COULDN'T FEEL ANYTHING ANY MORE...
I THINK SOME FEELING'S RETURNING...


WHAT -- NOW JENNY'S PUT HER HAND ON MY LEG! I'D BETTER TAKE IT... KEEP HER FROM TOUCHING CHARLY'S HAND ON MY OTHER LEG!
HOW'M I GOING TO GET ANY SLEEP TONIGHT?

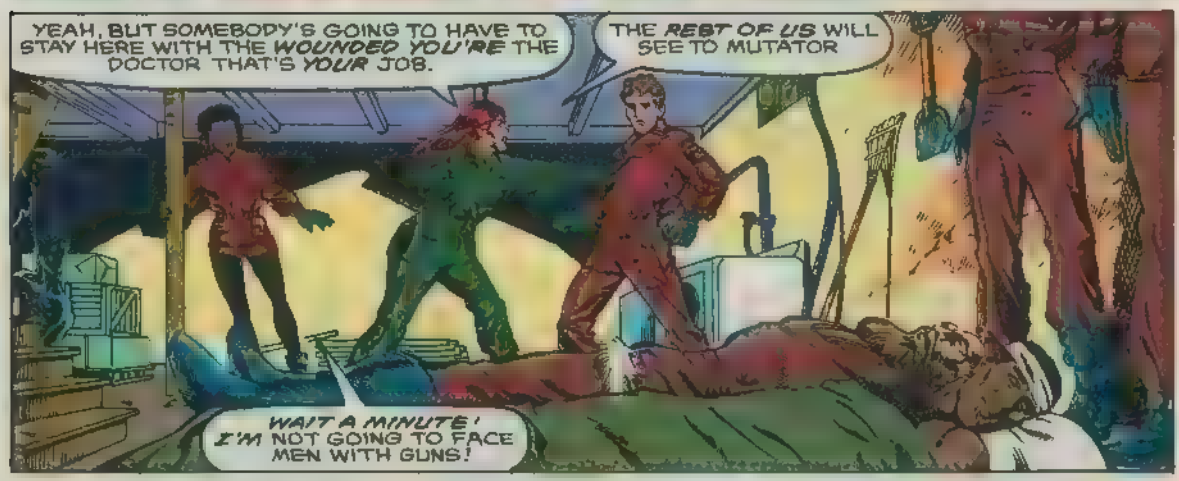
RANDY... DON'T HOLD MY HAND LIKE IT WAS A DEAD FISH! LET ME KNOW YOU MEAN IT!

KA-DOOM
WHAT WAS THAT --?
AN EXPLOSION -- REALLY CLOSE, TOO!

GROUCHO, WHAT IS IT?

WHAT'S IT DOING?
THAT'S HOW IT COMMUNICATES WHAT IT'S EXPERIENCED!
GOOD LORD!

WHAT? WHAT- ?!?
MUTATOR IS UNDER ATTACK--MEN WITH GUNS!
WHO? THE ARMY?
NO, THEY LOOK SCRUFFY LIKE SCAVENGERS AND ONE OF THEM IS HUGE--LIKE DAVE!
WE'VE GOT TO GO OUT AND HELP HIM!


YEAH, BUT SOMEBODY'S GOING TO HAVE TO STAY HERE WITH THE WOUNDED YOU'RE THE DOCTOR THAT'S YOUR JOB.
THE REST OF US WILL SEE TO MUTATOR
WAIT A MINUTE! I'M NOT GOING TO FACE MEN WITH GUNS!

LOOK, SWENSEN, I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THESE PEOPLE MUTATOR INCLUDED I'M THE ONE WHO--
YOU BEEN THROUGH COMMANDO TRAINING? COMBAT MANEUVERS? MILITARY STRATEGY?
NO, BUT NEITHER HAVE THEY

YOU THINK WE SHOULD JUST LET THE MOLE-GUY FEND FOR HIMSELF?
NO
THEN IT'S SETTLED.

COME ON, LADIES.
IF I DON'T GO, I'LL LOOK BAD, COMPARED TO THE ARMY CHICK. IF I GET HURT, YOU'D BETTER DOCTOR ME UP GOOD, RANDY!
IF YOU ALL DO EXACTLY AS I SAY, NO ONE WILL GET HURT
HOW CAN I GET OUT OF THIS?

STAY LOW AND KEEP QUIET. WE'LL LET THESE FLYING GUYS OF RANDY'S BE THE *POINT MEN*.

OH-OH. IT'S *SNOWING*. I'M GOING TO START SOAKING UP THE *MOISTURE* SOON.

IF THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO FOR MUTATOR, WE'LL *TURN BACK*.

A MOST *AGGRESSIVE* WOMAN

AHEAD...

OKAY, FURFACE--YER A PRISONER OF THE *WAR DOGS!* NOW YA GOT *TEN SECONDS* TA TELL US ONE GOOD *REASON NOT* TO SHOOT YA SO FULLA LEAD THEY'LL CHOP YA UP TO MAKE *PENCILS!*

ONE!

TWO!

WHAT A FREAK A' NATURE. MAKES THE *BOSS* LOOK LIKE A *PLAYGIRL PIN-UP*

WILLYA DISPENSE WITH THAT *COUNTING* CRUD, *ROVER?* WE ALL KNOW YA DON'T KNOW WHAT COMES AFTER *THREE!*

I'M TURNIN' 'IM INTA *DOGFOOD!*

HOLD YER WATER, *MONGREL*. LEMME STRIP OFF HIS JACKET BEFORE YA GET IT FULL A *HOLES!*

THIS'LL BE *TRICKY*, BUT NOT IMPOSSIBLE, CHARLOTTE CAN YOU MAKE THEIR GUNS TOO *SLIPPERY* TO HOLD?

I *THINK* SO

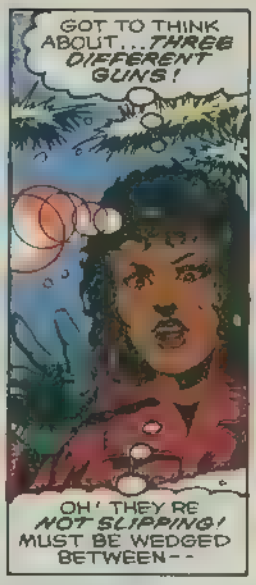
ONCE THEY'RE DISARMED, I CAN ATTRACT THEIR ATTENTION AND *SEDATE* THEM.

YOU ANTIBODIES--GO DOWN AND *DISTRACT* THEM!

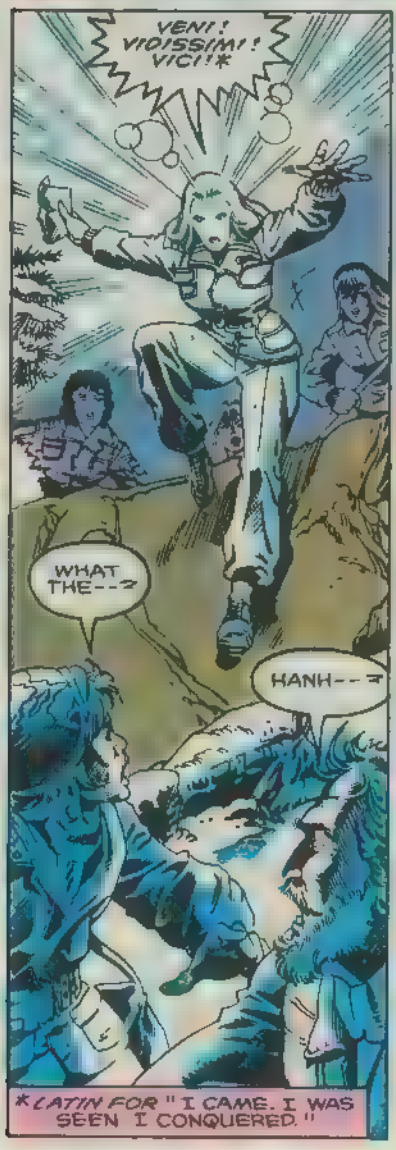
WHAT HANDY CREATURES TO HAVE AROUND--THEY'RE LIKE *MAGIC GENIES!*

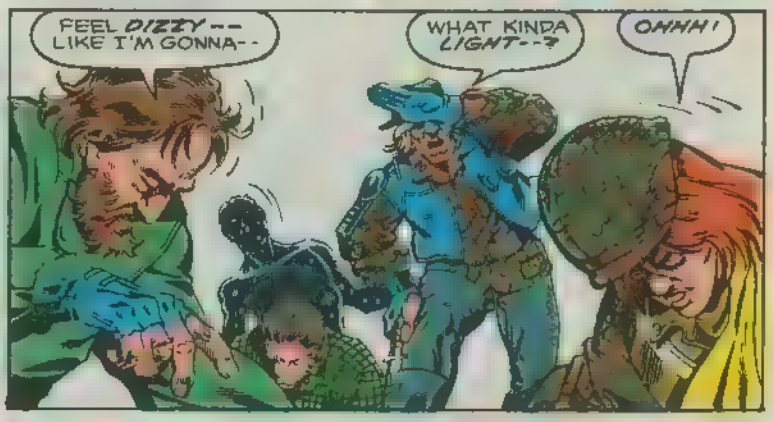
GLAD MY PARABILITY IS *USELESS* AT A DISTANCE!

HEY! WUZZAT--?!?
SHOOT THE FLUNKERS!

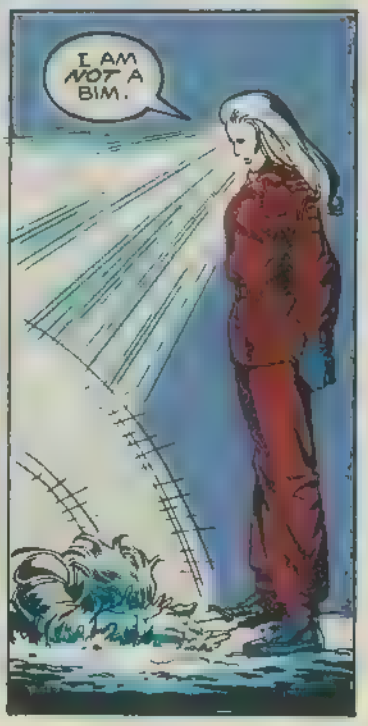

GOT TO THINK ABOUT...THREE DIFFERENT GUNS!
OH! THEY'RE NOT SLIPPING! MUST BE WEDGED BETWEEN--

SNAK
SNAK

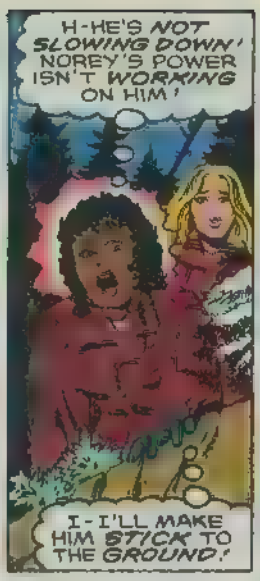

VENI! VIDISSIM! VICI!*
WHAT THE--?
HANH--?
*LATIN FOR "I CAME. I WAS SEEN I CONQUERED."


FEEL DIZZY-- LIKE I'M GONNA--
WHAT KINDA LIGHT--?
OHHH!

DON'KNOW WHATCHER DOIN', BIM-- BUT IT AIN'T GONNA--
THAT KNIFE--! GOT TO MAKE IT SLIP--!


I AM NOT A BIM.

WHY'S YER PUSS GLOWIN' LIKE THAT? YOU GOT A FLASHLIGHT IN YER MOUTH? BAH! I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHIN' ABOUT SHINERS--!


H-HE'S NOT SLOWING DOWN! NOREY'S POWER ISN'T WORKING ON HIM!
I-I'LL MAKE HIM STICK TO THE GROUND!

NOW WUD IS THIS?

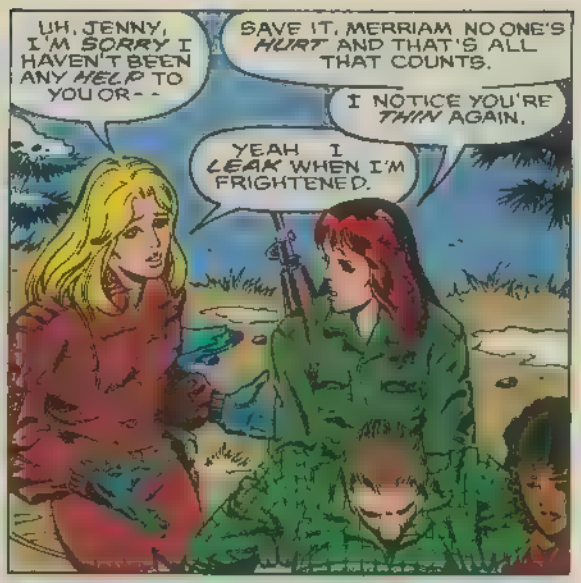
WITCH, HOW'D YOU LIKE TO SEE THAT LIGHT A' YERS COME OUT A' YER--?
OKAY, BIG FELLA--

--IF BULLETS WON'T STOP YOU--
--HOW ABOUT A GRENADE--?
GOT TO AIM CAREFULLY SO HE SHIELDS LENORE--!

KA-ROOM

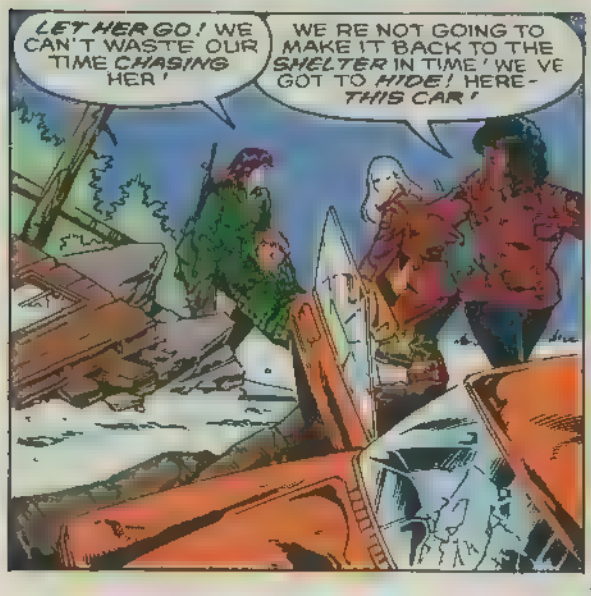
DID YOU... KILL HIM?
DON'T KNOW DON'T WANT TO
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE

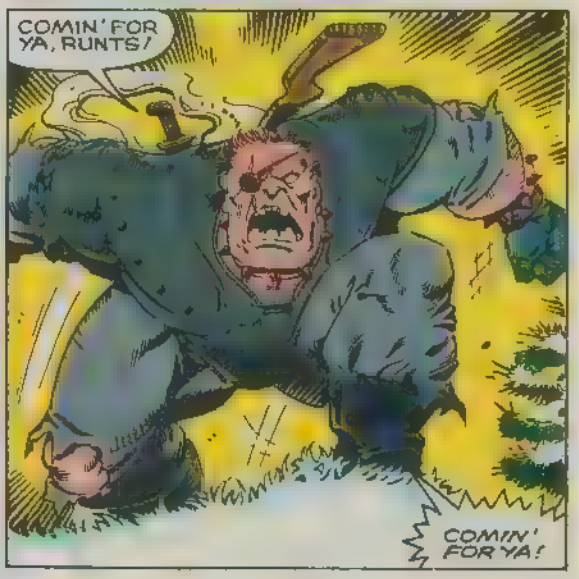
GIVE US A HAND WITH HIM!
WHAT ABOUT RANDY'S ANTIBODIES?
THEY'LL HAVE TO FEND FOR THEM-SELVES

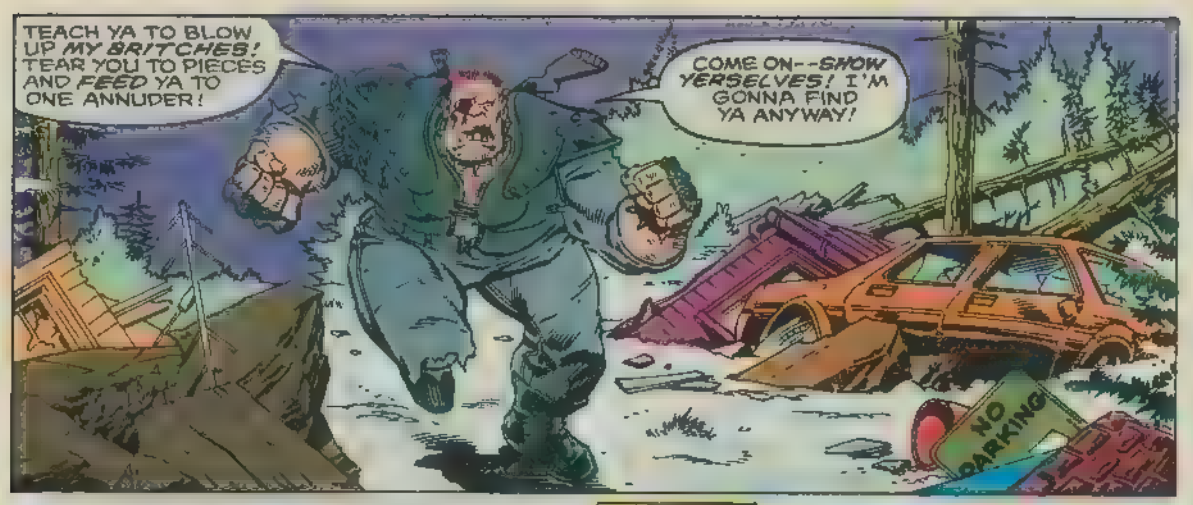

UH, JENNY, I'M SORRY I HAVEN'T BEEN ANY HELP TO YOU OR--
SAVE IT, MERRIAM NO ONE'S HURT AND THAT'S ALL THAT COUNTS.
I NOTICE YOU'RE THIN AGAIN.
YEAH I LEAK WHEN I'M FRIGHTENED.

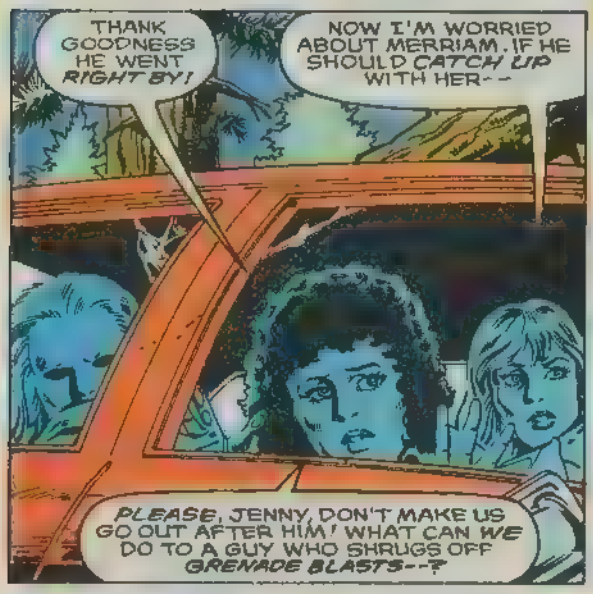
AAARRR
OH, NO--!
PIT BULL--? GOOD LORD, HOW CAN ?

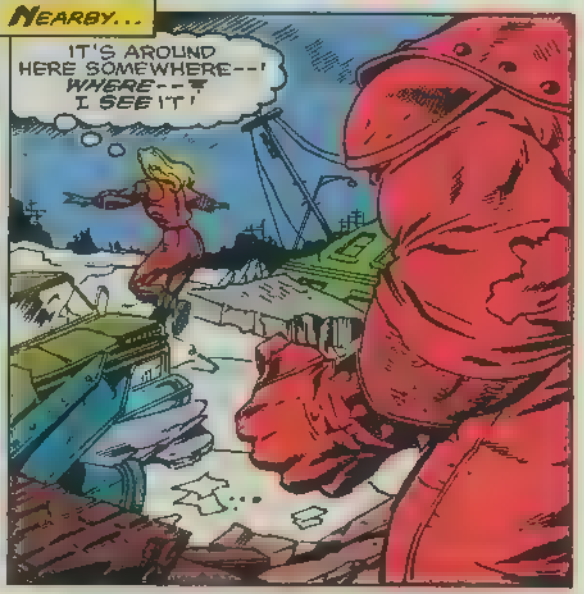
SPONGE? SHE'S PANICKING!
I-I--OHHH!

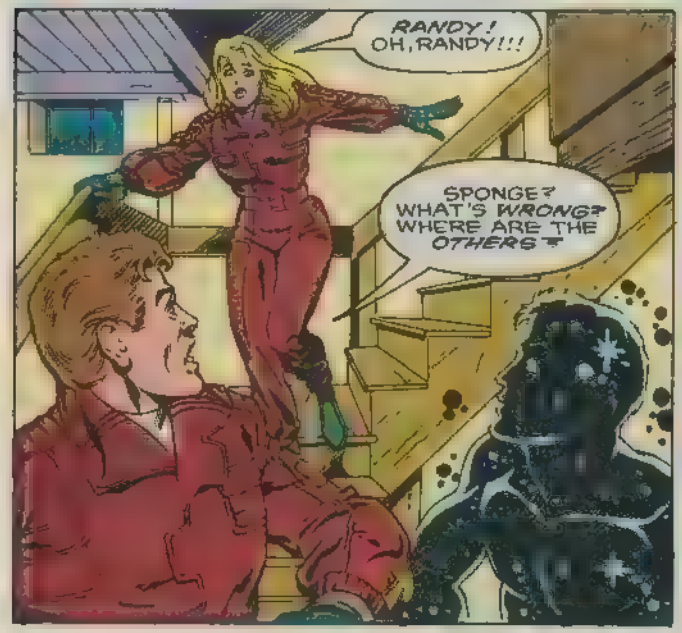

LET HER GO! WE CAN'T WASTE OUR TIME CHASING HER!
WE'RE NOT GOING TO MAKE IT BACK TO THE SHELTER IN TIME! WE'VE GOT TO HIDE! HERE-THIS CAR!

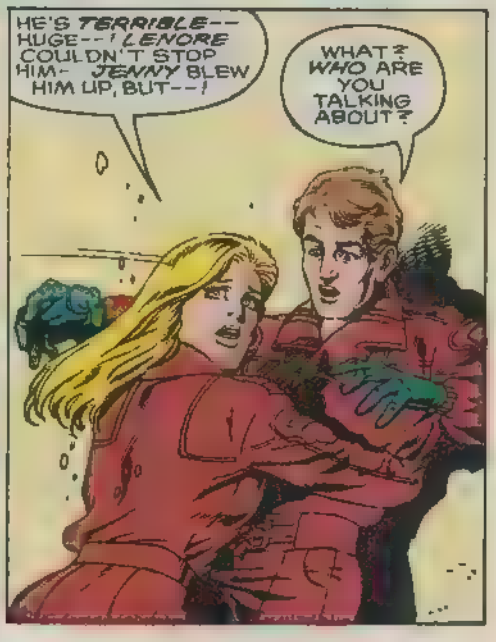

COMIN' FOR YA, RUNTS!
COMIN' FOR YA!

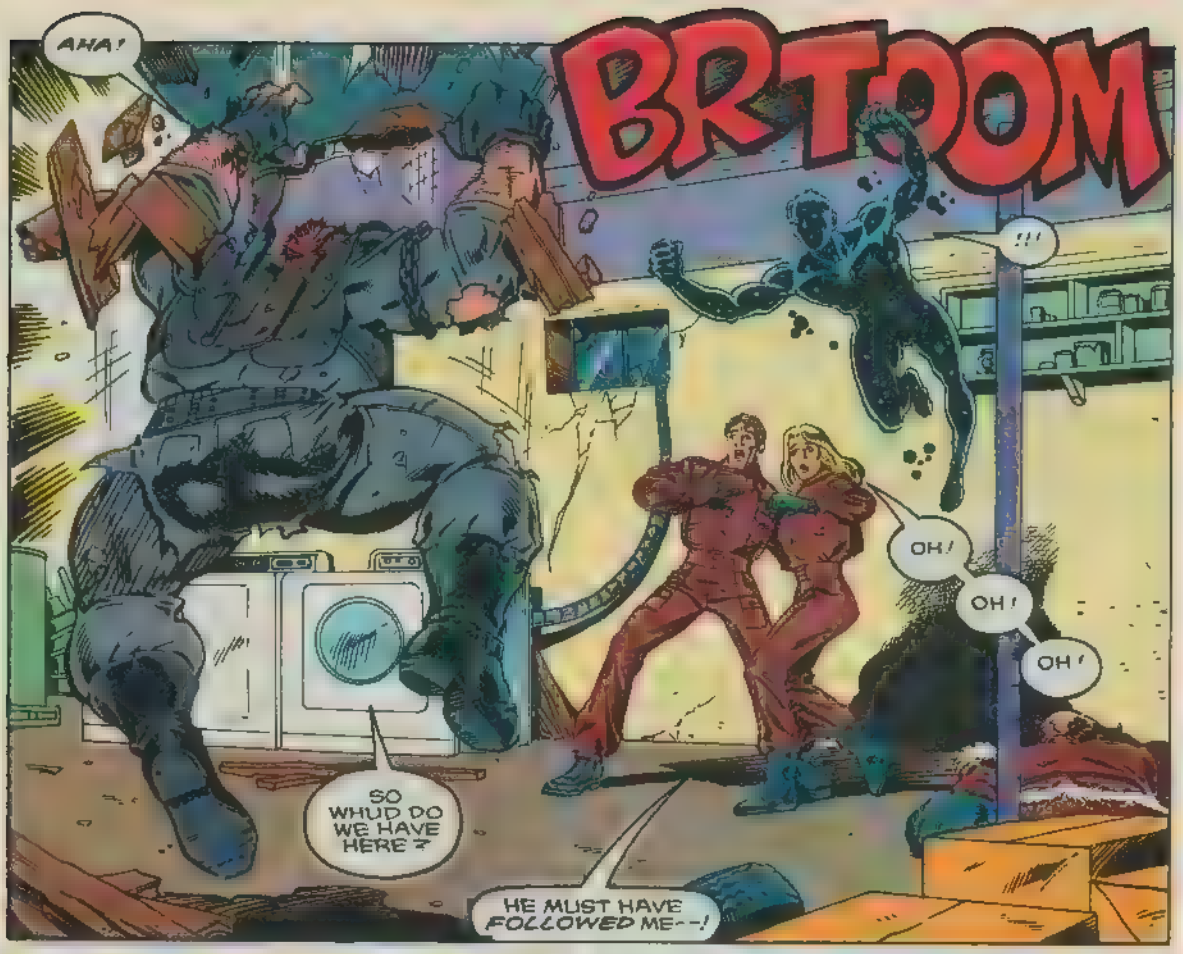

TEACH YA TO BLOW UP *MY BRITCHES!* TEAR YOU TO PIECES AND *FEED* YA TO ONE ANNUDER!
COME ON--*SHOW YERSELVES!* I'M GONNA FIND YA ANYWAY!
NO PARKING


THANK GOODNESS HE WENT *RIGHT BY!*
NOW I'M WORRIED ABOUT MERRIAM. IF HE SHOULD *CATCH UP* WITH HER--
PLEASE, JENNY, DON'T MAKE US GO OUT AFTER HIM! WHAT CAN *WE* DO TO A GUY WHO SHRUGS OFF *GRENADE BLASTS*--?


NEARBY...
IT'S AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE--! *WHERE*--? I *SEE* IT!

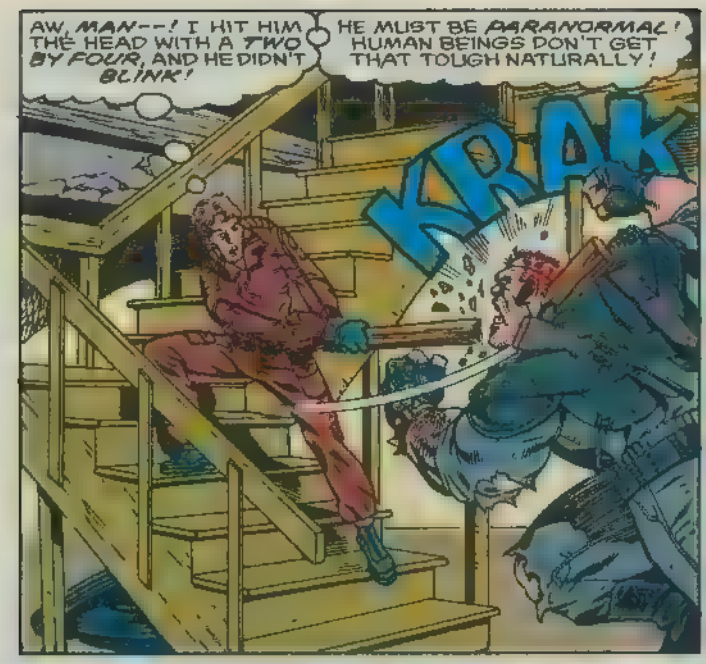

RANDY! OH, RANDY!!!
SPONGE? WHAT'S *WRONG*? WHERE ARE THE *OTHERS*?

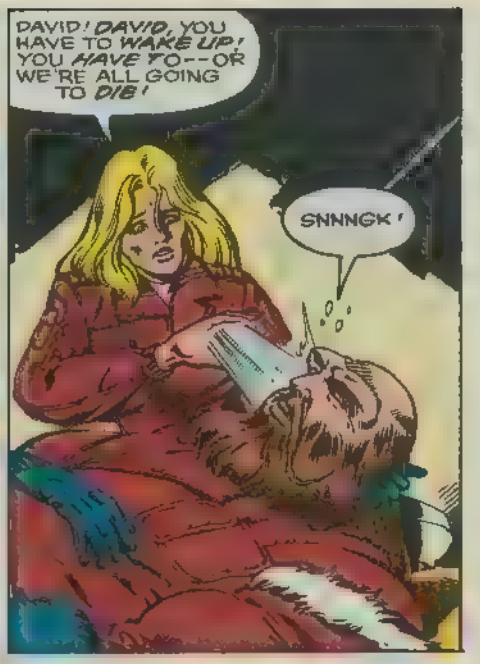

HE'S *TERRIBLE*--HUGE--! *LENORE* COULDN'T STOP HIM- *JENNY* BLEW HIM UP, BUT--!
WHAT? *WHO* ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

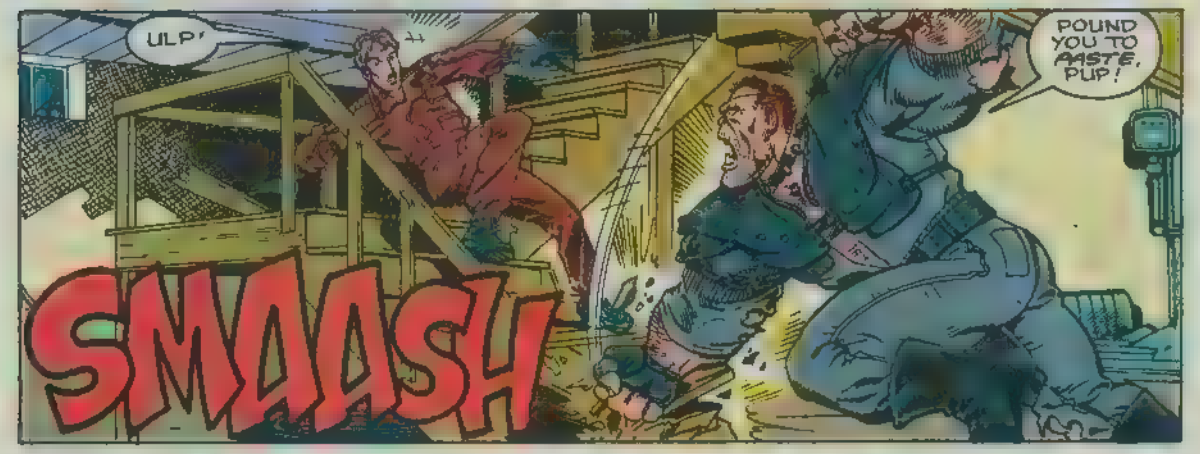

AHA!
BRTOOM
!!!
OH!
OH!
OH!
SO WHUD DO WE HAVE HERE?
HE MUST HAVE *FOLLOWED* ME--!

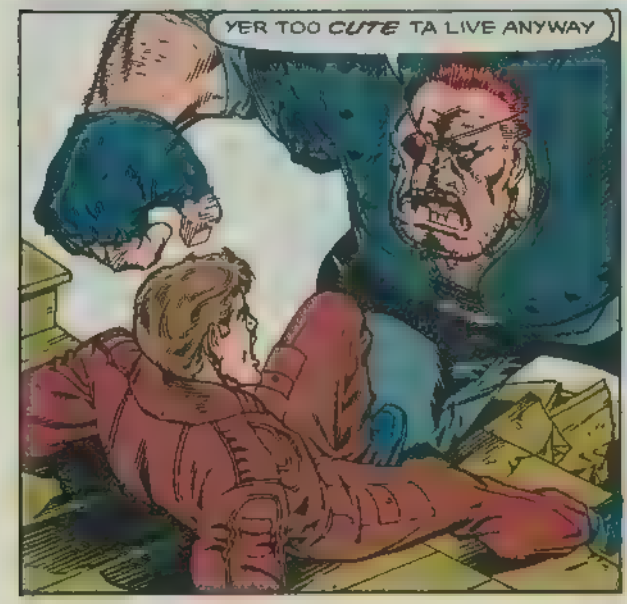
I AIN'T *KILLED* NO ONE IN OVER AN HOUR! I WANT *RED MEAT!*

HE SMASHED *HARPO!* THE *OTHERS* NEVER RETURNED! I'VE GOT TO *DO SOMETHING!* LURE THE BRUTE AWAY FROM SPONGE, JEFF, AND DAVE
OKAY, PAL--LET'S PLAY *FETCH!*

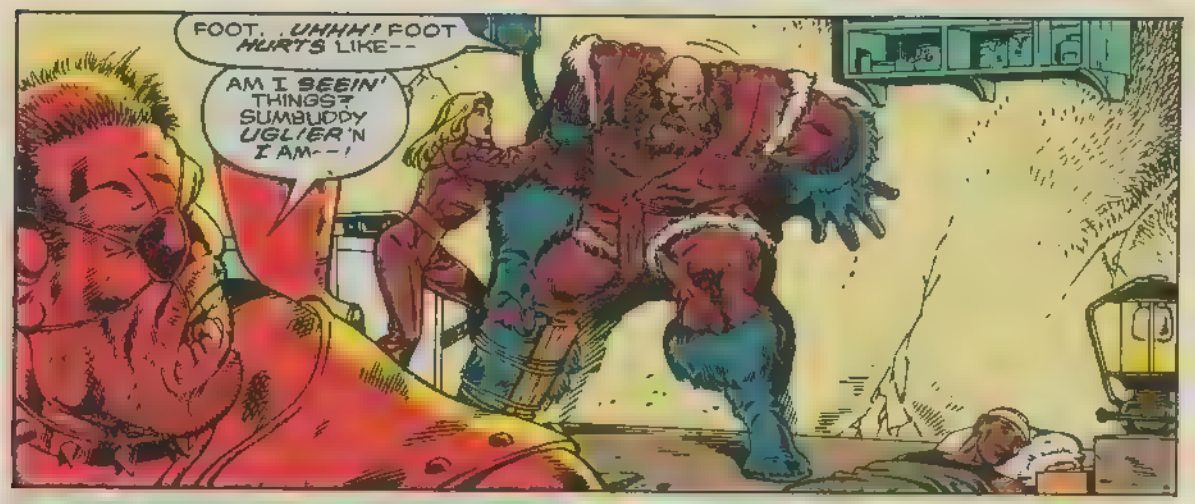

AW, MAN--! I HIT HIM THE HEAD WITH A TWO BY FOUR, AND HE DIDN'T BLINK!
HE MUST BE PARANORMAL! HUMAN BEINGS DON'T GET THAT TOUGH NATURALLY!
KRAK

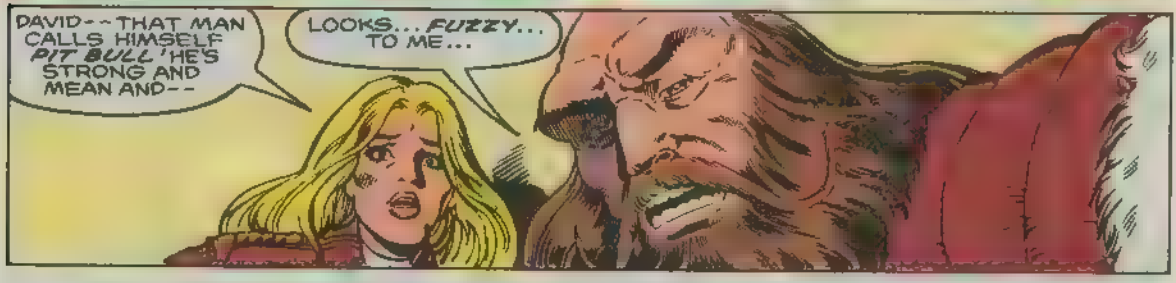

DAVID! DAVID, YOU HAVE TO WAKE UP! YOU HAVE TO--OR WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE!
SNNNGK!


ULP!
POUND YOU TO PASTE, PUP!
SMAASH

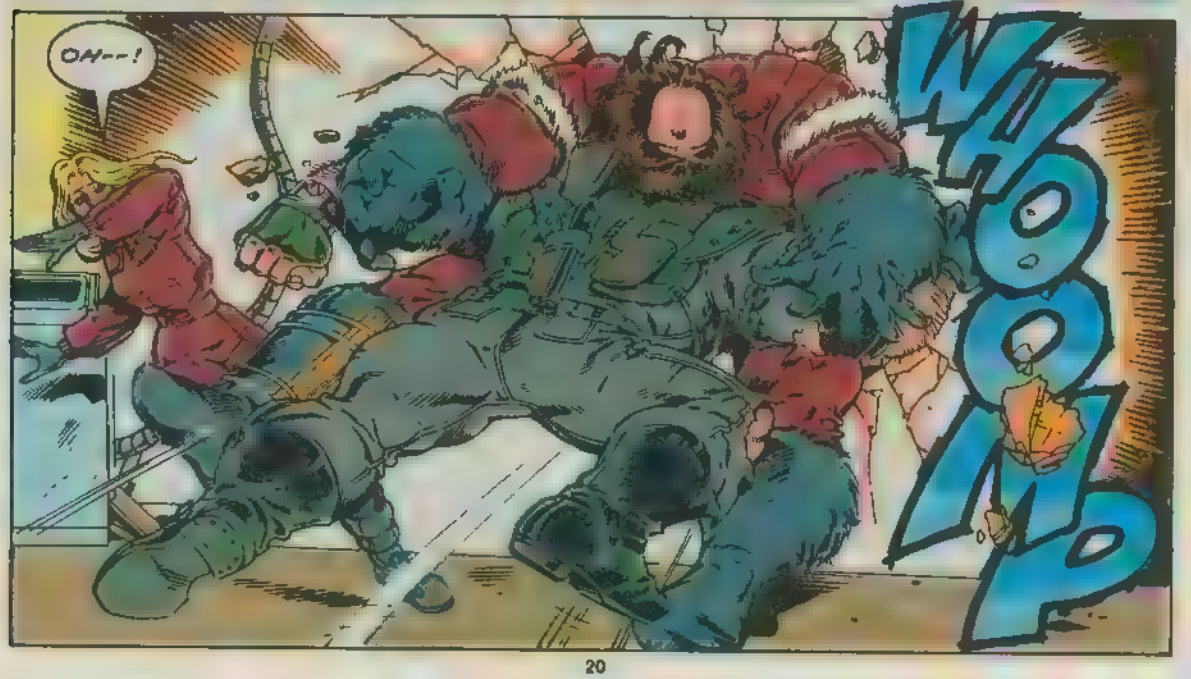

YER TOO CUTE TA LIVE ANYWAY

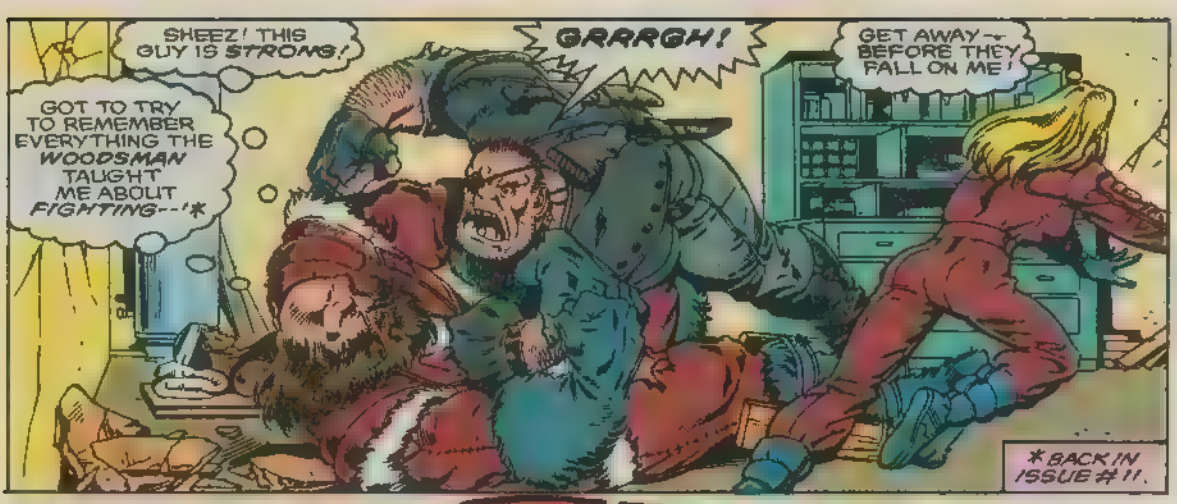
AAARR
WHA--?
WHUT DA--?

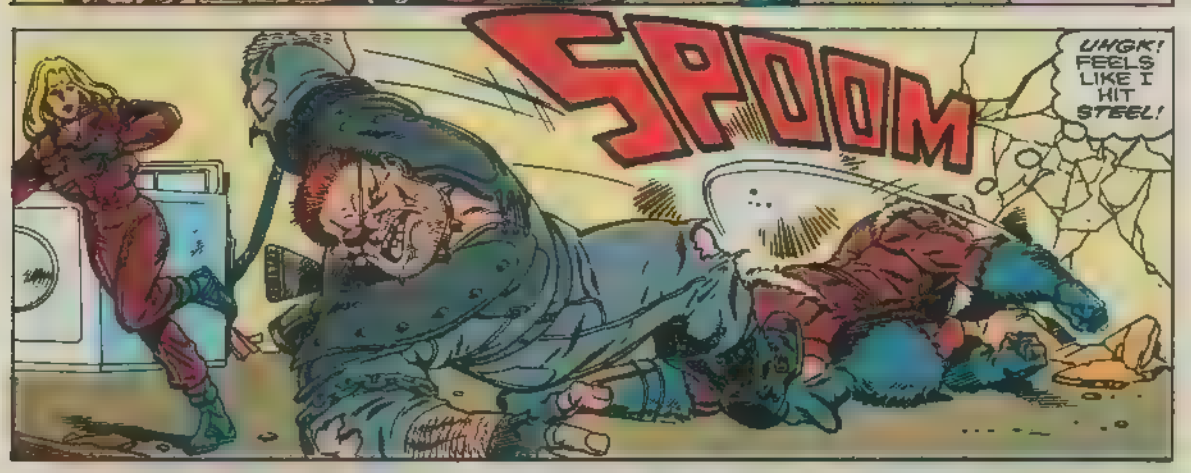

FOOT. . UHHH! FOOT HURTS LIKE--
AM I SEEIN' THINGS? SUMBUDDY UGLIER'N I AM--!

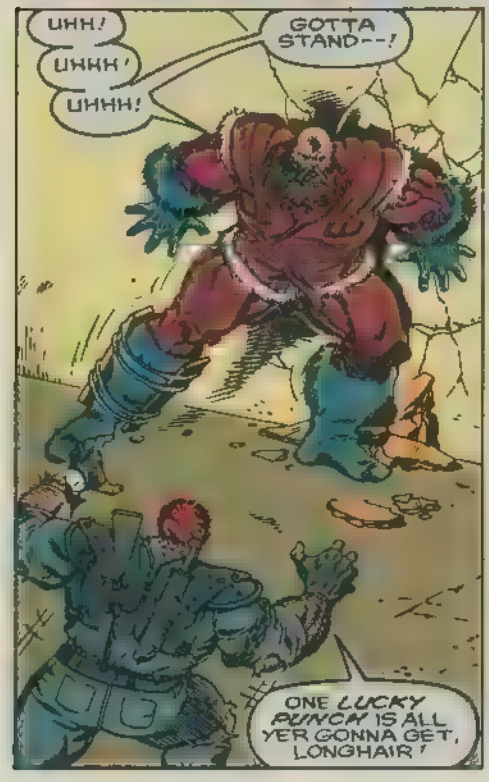

DAVID--THAT MAN CALLS HIMSELF PIT BULL' HE'S STRONG AND MEAN AND--
LOOKS... FUZZY... TO ME...

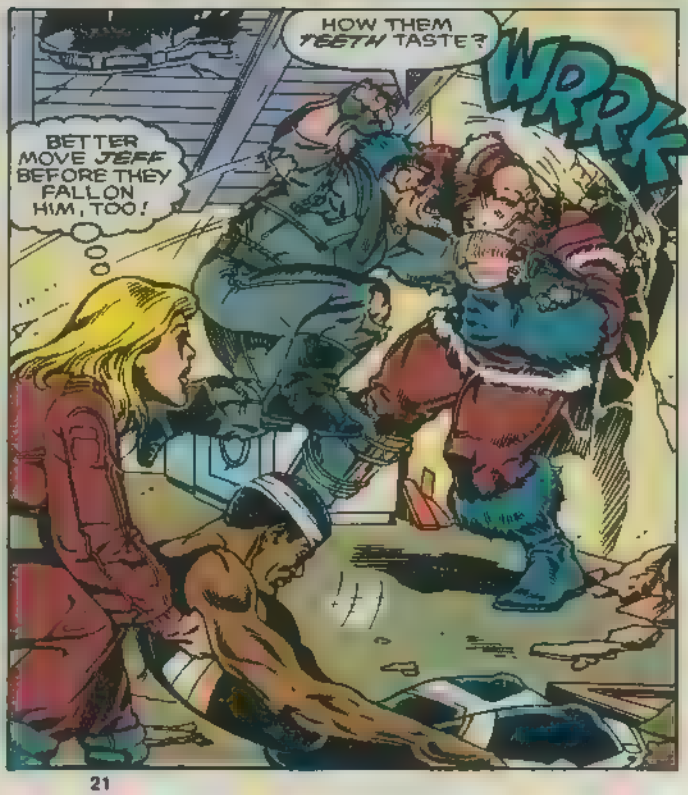
I HATE GUYS UGLIER'N I AM!
DAVE SHOULDN'T BE STANDING--!


OH--!
WHOOMP

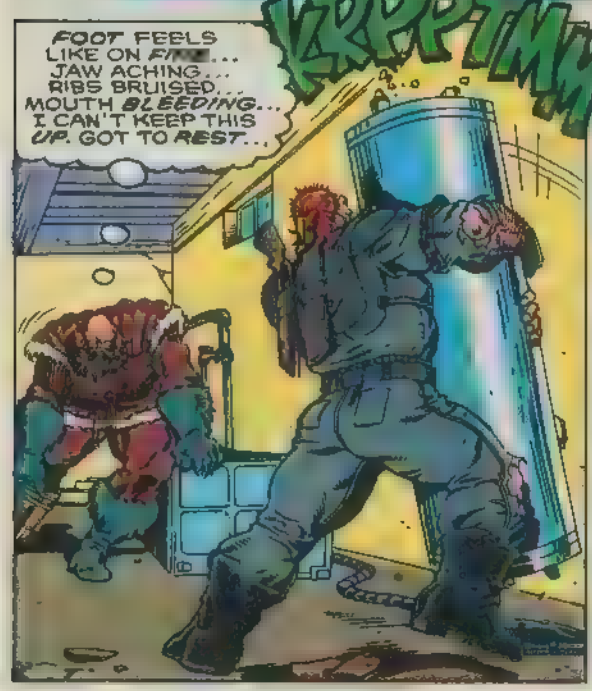

SHEEZ! THIS GUY IS STRONG!
GRRRGH!
GET AWAY -- BEFORE THEY FALL ON ME!
GOT TO TRY TO REMEMBER EVERYTHING THE WOODSMAN TAUGHT ME ABOUT FIGHTING--!*
*BACK IN ISSUE #11.


SPOOM
UHGK! FEELS LIKE I HIT STEEL!

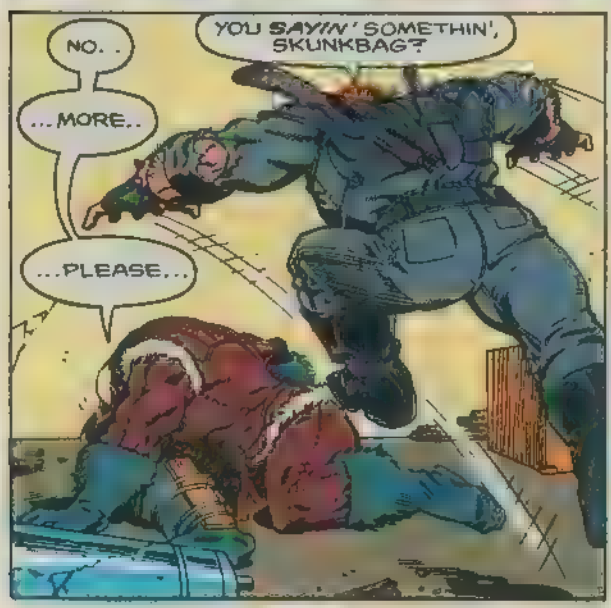

UHH!
UHHH!
UHHH!
GOTTA STAND--!
ONE LUCKY PUNCH IS ALL YER GONNA GET, LONGHAIR!


HOW THEM TEETH TASTE?
WRRK
BETTER MOVE JEFF BEFORE THEY FALL ON HIM, TOO!

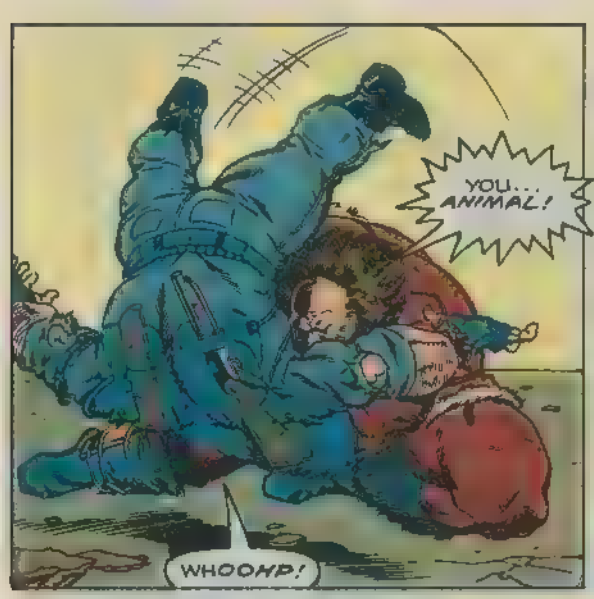
BWOOM
YOU ENJOYIN' THIS AS MUCH AS I AM, HAIRBALL?

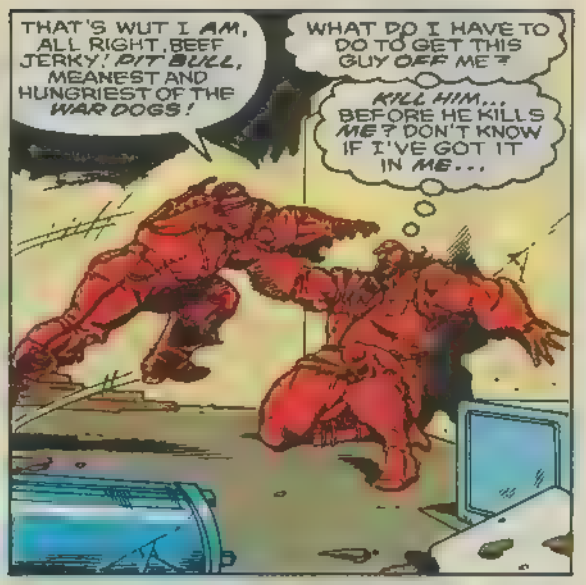

KRPPTMM
FOOT FEELS LIKE ON F/[redacted]... JAW ACHING... RIBS BRUISED... MOUTH BLEEDING... I CAN'T KEEP THIS UP. GOT TO REST...

BAOOOM
AOOOH!


YOU SAYIN' SOMETHIN', SKUNKBAG?
NO..
...MORE..
...PLEASE...

AAAH!
CHOMP THE CHUMP!
HRRMP

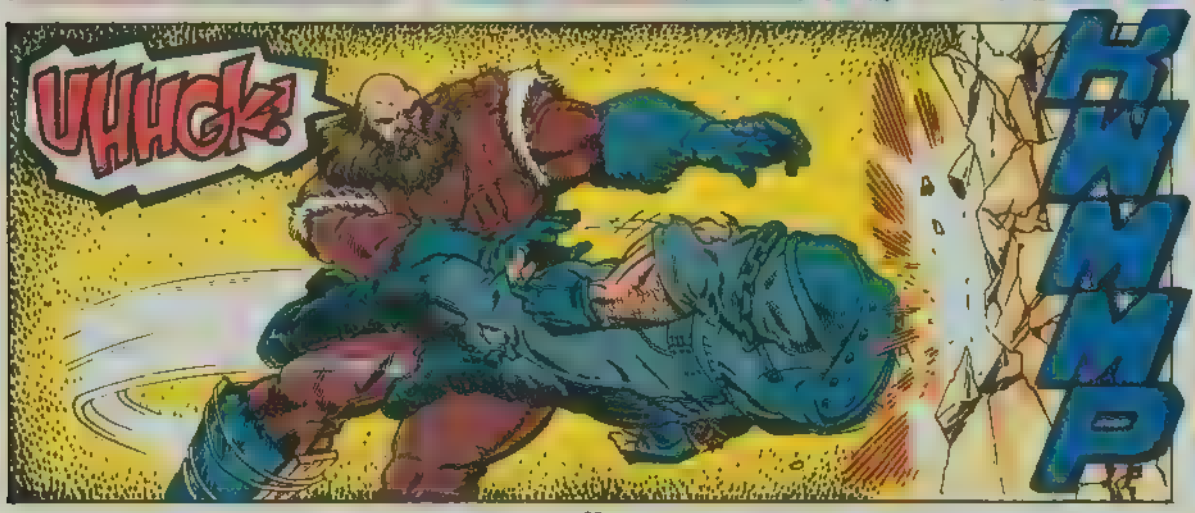

YOU... ANIMAL!
WHOOMP!

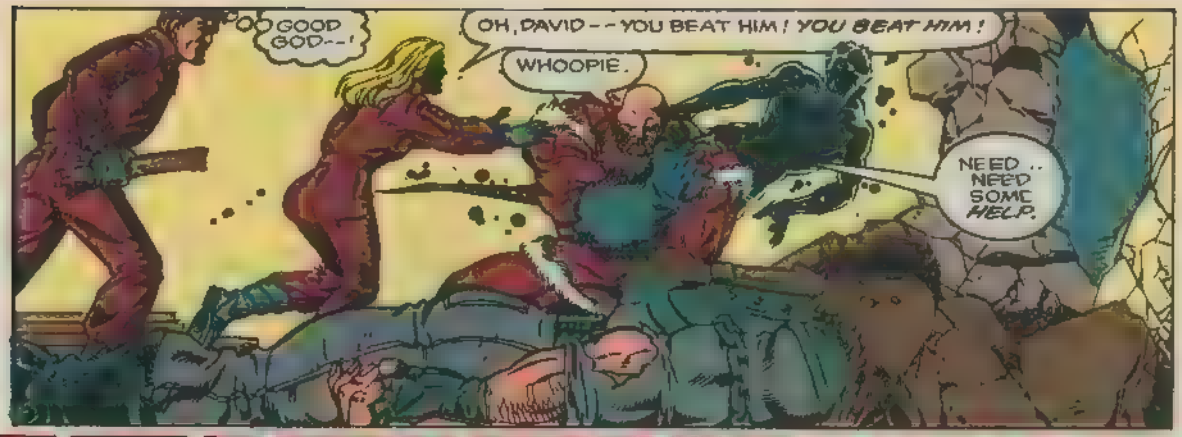

THAT'S WUT I AM, ALL RIGHT, BEEF JERKY! PIT BULL, MEANEST AND HUNGRIEST OF THE WAR DOGS!
WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO TO GET THIS GUY OFF ME?
KILL HIM... BEFORE HE KILLS ME? DON'T KNOW IF I'VE GOT IT IN ME...

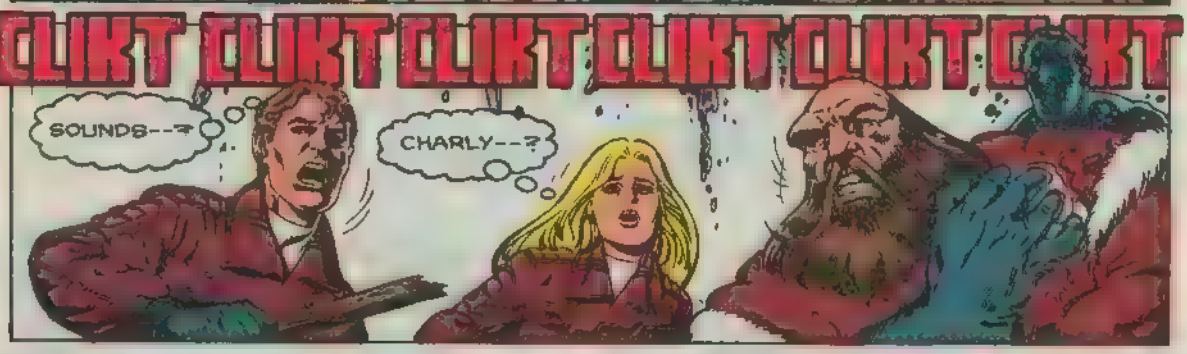
YER SHOULDER TASTED GOOD, BALDY BETCHER FACE'LL TASTE EVEN BETTER!

BITE... ON... THIS...

...PAL...!
CRACK

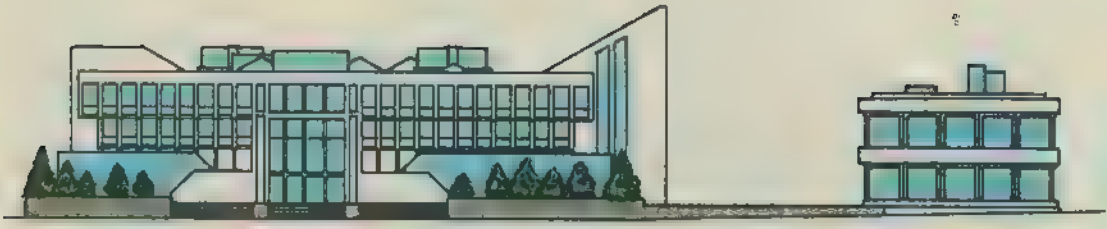

UHHGK!
KWMP


GOOD GOD--!
OH, DAVID--YOU BEAT HIM! YOU BEAT HIM!
WHOOPIE.
NEED.. NEED SOME HELP.

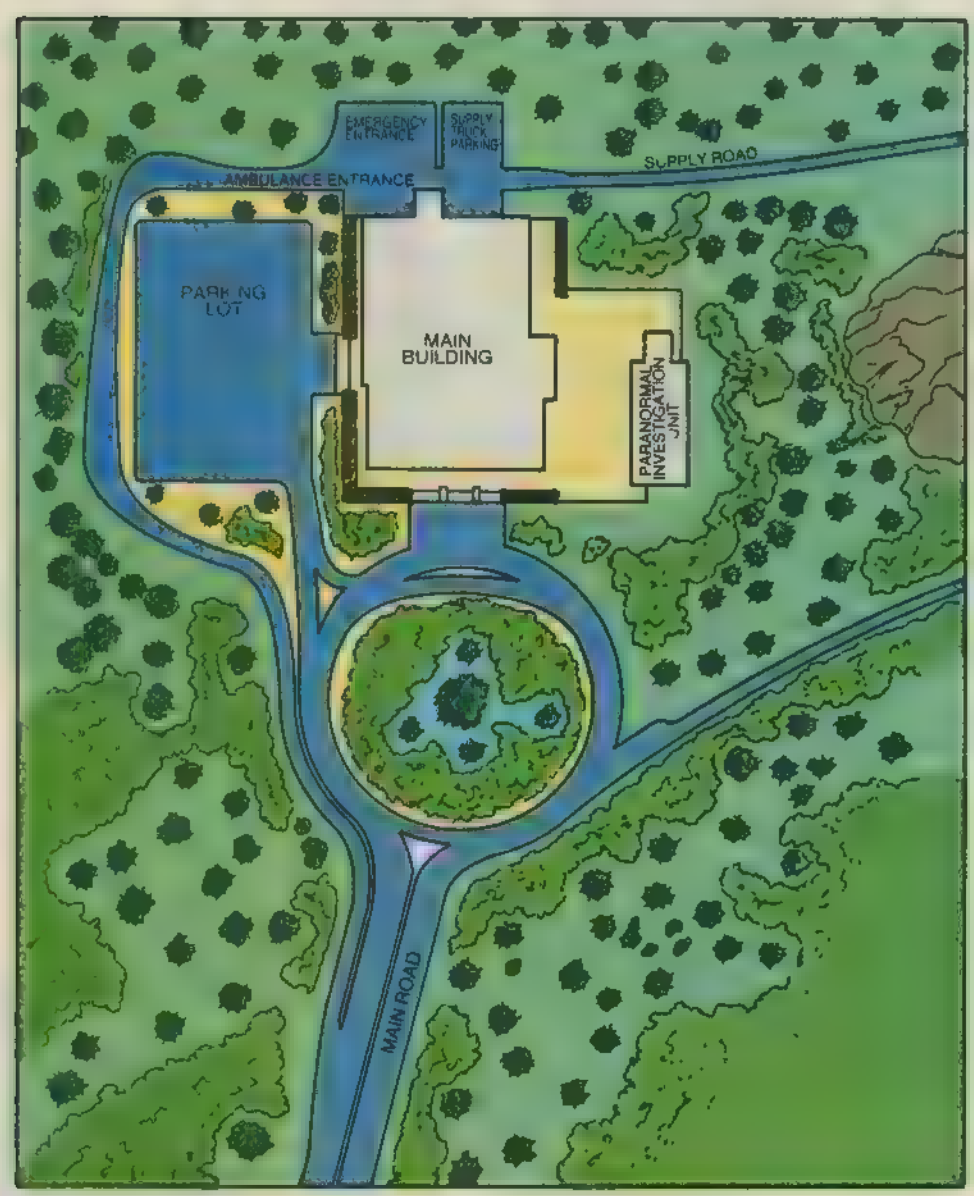

CLIKT CLIKT CLIKT CLIKT CLIKT CLIKT
SOUNDS--?
CHARLY--?

THIS IS THE U.S. ARMY! WE HAVE YOU SURROUNDED! DON'T MOVE OR WE'LL SHOOT!
NEXT: SOLDIERS!

THE CLINIC



FRONT ELEVATION

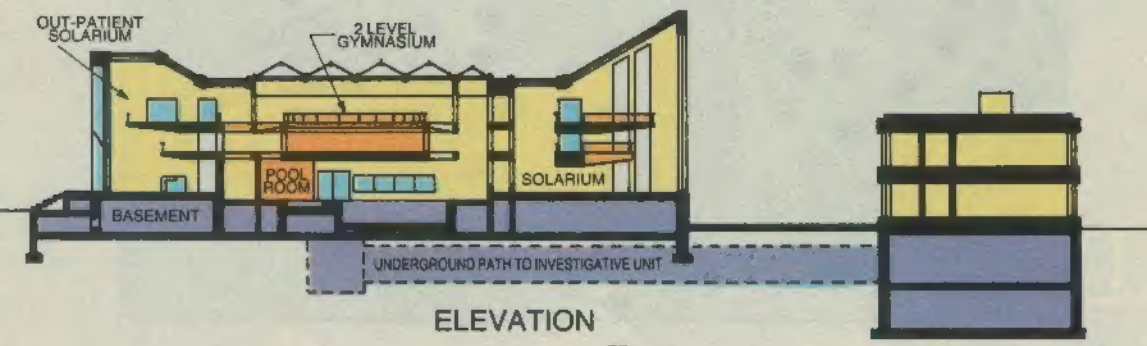


THE CLINIC
INSTITUTE FOR PARANORMAL RESEARCH

FROM PARKING LOT
UNLOADING DOCK
EMERGENCY ENTRANCE
ADMITTANCE
WAITING AREA
TRIAGE AREA
HEAD NURSE STATION
ISOLATION
LOUNGE
SEMI-PRIVATE
SEMI-PRIVATE
HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATIVE SUPPORT
SUPPLIES GUARD OFFICE
SECURITY
LOCKERS
OUT-PATIENT RECEPTION
SAUNA & SHOWERS
WADING POOL
SWIMMING POOL
THREE LEVEL SOLARIUM
UPPER DECKS
PRIVATE OUT-PATIENT COUNSELING
LOCKERS
CASE WORKERS
OUT-PATIENT RECORDS & ADMINISTRATION
MAIN RECEPTION
SECURITY
ADMISSIONS RECORDS & ADMINISTRATION
SKYLIGHT TO GROUND FLOOR OFFICES
STAIRS UP TO SECOND FLOOR WAITING AREA
PROMENADE DECK
GUARD STATION
OBSERVATION SUITES
MONITOR STATIONS
PARANORMAL INVESTIGATION UNIT

PLAN OF CLINIC

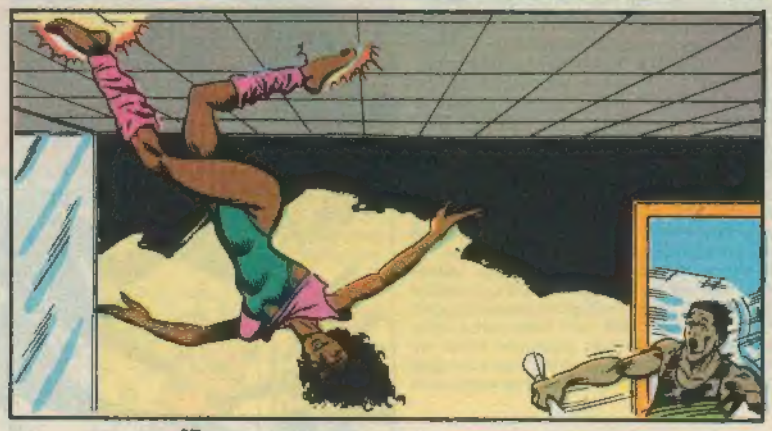
ELEVATORS
MAINTENANCE
BATHROOMS
OXYGEN/VACUUM/ NITROUS OXIDE CONTROLS



ELEVATION

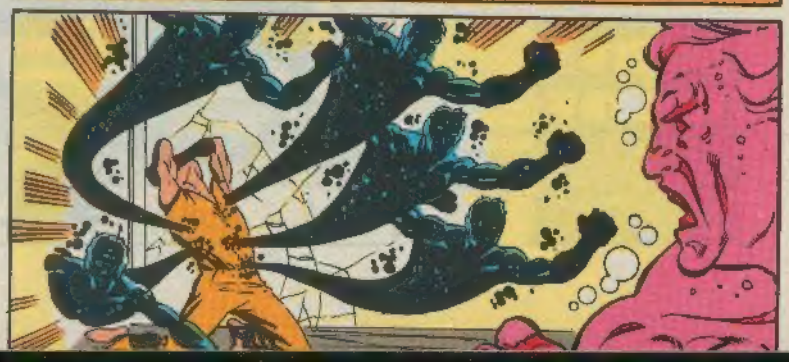
FRICTION

Real name: Charlotte "Charly" Yolanda Beck
Occupation: Former student, dance major
Other aliases: None
Legal status: Citizen of the United States with no criminal record
Place of birth: Racine, Wisconsin
Date of birth: 9-1-68
Date of paranormality: 9-15-86
Marital status: Single
Family: James (father), Cecilia (mother)
Extent of education: Sophomore, University of Wisconsin-Madison
Hobbies and interests: Dancing, pop music, old movies, fashion
Religion: Methodist (non-practicing)
Group affiliation: D.P. 7 (Group C), former member of the Black Powers
Current base of operations: The Pitt
Height: 5' 4"
Weight: 118 lbs.
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Black
Known parabilities: Charlotte Beck can mentally control the attraction objects have for one another, thus making them stick to one another or nearly frictionless. It is not known the precise manner in which she affects these objects, whether she affects the actual molecules of the objects' surfaces or if she coats them with some sort of energy that has variable frictional properties. She can project her parability a maximum of about 250 feet from her person and affect an area no greater than 100 square feet. She needs to be able to visualize an object in order to affect it; consequently, she has difficulty affecting the inner mechanisms of objects or the inner organs of living beings. She has sufficient fine control over her parability to cause a person's eyelids to stick together. She needs to concentrate in order to maintain her influence over an object's friction. She can use her parability to stick to walls or ceilings or to slide over reasonably flat surfaces like a skater.
Abilities and talents: Charlotte Beck can play piano, and is extremely limber, well-coordinated, and graceful.
Peculiarities: Because her parability is mental, her control over it is affected by her mental state. Mood, fatigue, and controlled substances affect her control and endurance in exercising her parability.
First appearance: D.P. 7 #1



ANTIBODY

Real name: Randall "Randy" Lawrence O'Brien
Occupation: Former medical intern
Other aliases: None
Legal status: Citizen of the United States with no criminal record
Place of birth: DePere, Wisconsin
Date of birth: 2-4-58
Date of paranormality: 9-20-86
Marital status: Single
Family: John (father), Rebecca (mother)
Extent of education: Graduate of University of Wisconsin-Madison, medical student at Marquette University, third year internship
Hobbies and interests: Racquetball, tennis, skiing, movies
Religion: Catholic (practicing)
Group affiliation: D.P. 7 (Group C)
Current base of operations: The Pitt
Height: 5' 11"
Weight: 175 lbs.
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brown
Known parabilities: O'Brien creates multiple negative-image versions of himself out of an unknown substance dubbed "psychoplasm." These duplicates can fly, become solid or immaterial at will, and are as strong as their human original. Although they lack vocal apparatus, they can confer their experiences upon living beings by touching them and willing such an information-transfer. The number of Antibodies O'Brien can manifest at one time is unknown; so far, he's only manifested five at a single time. Each Antibody develops its own personality, apparently based on some facet of O'Brien's personality. Each of them, once created, are capable of independent activity, and respond to O'Brien's verbal or mental commands to varying degrees. The Antibodies apparently need to rest inside O'Brien's body for at least an hour every 24 hours or else their psychoplasm begins to deteriorate. (An Antibody once spent 78 hours out of O'Brien's body before totally dissipating.) The demoses of his Antibodies apparently has no physical effect on O'Brien.
Abilities and talents: O'Brien is a speed reader and a natural athlete.
Peculiarities: O'Brien's first Antibody "died" when it remained outside his body too long. A second was also killed when it was torn apart by Philip Nolan Voigt. He then manifested five Antibodies at a time. One of them killed a man and O'Brien learned a hypnotic technique to keep it from re-entering his body. The other four O'Brien named after the Marx Brothers: Harpo, Chico, Groucho and Zeppo. Zeppo was "killed" by a plasma-blast. O'Brien has yet to generate any other Antibodies. The renegade Antibody ("Shadowman") found a compatible host-body in 12-year-old Evan Huebner. Huebner can apparently manipulate O'Brien's psycho-plasm in other ways than O'Brien can, altering the Antibody's appearance, and making it fly while encompassing its host's physical form. It is not known if O'Brien could make his Antibodies do these feats.
First appearance: D.P. 7 #1



PARANORMAIL

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP — 387 Park Avenue South - New York, NY - 10016
Attention correspondents: If you don't want your full address printed, please be sure to tell us so!

Dear Sirs:

I confess I'm not a fan of the New Universe. When the line came out last year, only D.P. 7 interested me enough to be added to my "must-buy" list. The artwork looked fine, the scripting was great and the characters were interesting.

Issue #14 proved to me that this book is one of the greatest on the market today. I go to a college in the midwest and am dating a black female so the story really hit home. Racism does exist and while it's not always expressed in drastic actions, it nevertheless is a scar on our society. Moreover racism works both ways: Indigo and her kind do nothing to improve the situation by their actions. racism ultimately can only be cured when rational people recognize each other as equals.

The New Universe bills itself as "the world outside your window." It is stories like this one which live up to that billing. Keep up the realism.

Douglas A. Prestorog
c/o Wm. Penn Way
New Brighton, PA 15066

One reader's "realism" is another reader's "disappointment." To wit . . .

Dear Mr. Ryan, Mr. Gruenwald, and Mr. Mackie,

I found D.P. 7 #14 to be a great disappointment. There were a number of things to which I objected, but in the interest of time and space, I have listed only a few below.

1) The "Black Militants" were depicted in a very negative fashion. They were shown to be excessively violent, dogmatic, unreasoning and troublemakers. In short, they were stereotyped in a way that no doubt differs little from the way they are imagined by the most conservative right-wingers.

2) The impression one gets after reading this issue is that Black militants, if not actually responsible for the problems facing Blacks, nevertheless make matters worse because of their extremeism. This harmful myth has been applied to Black men and women of vision for centuries.

3) The stereotypical depictions of the militants would have been almost laughable were they not so familiar. "Indigo" as the overbearing, overweight, domineering Black woman is a caricature this society seems to be obsessed with. Also, two of the Black males are shown to be little more than violent-prone hoods while the third is portrayed as a mindless/spineless follower.

So, in summary, the reader comes away after reading this issue thinking that Black militants (who include the likes of Martin Luther King Jr., Malcolm X, W.E.B. Dubois, etc.) provoke violence, are equatable with "rednecks," and create problems where none exist. By associating the reasonable aims of the militants with outrageous and even savage behavior, you succeed in discrediting the legitimate aspirations of African-Americans.

My advice to the authors of this comic is, in the future, to avoid the race issue. I say this not because this is an unimportant topic, but because the authors have shown themselves to be, like so many others in this society, incapable of dealing accurately with Blacks unless they are politically non-threatening.

Vince Hutchings
2615 Simas Ave.
Pinole, Ca 94564

Serious answer time, Vince. D.P. 7 #14 wasn't about Black militants. It was about people, black and white, most of whom had an opinion about interracial relations. We tried to show the spectrum of attitudes — white people who are obvious bigots (Freefall and Tangler), white people who could be friends with blacks but wouldn't want to marry one (Randy), white people with no opinions (Dave, Miss Newhouse), black people who are obvious bigots (Blindspot, Chili), black people who are subject to peer pressure (Charly, Squirm), and black people who are adamant non-militants (Jeff). If providing a wide range of people with diverse opinions isn't "dealing accurately with Blacks," we can only wonder what would be! Anyway, we knew doing such a story would be controversial — and a 200% increase in our fan mail seems to indicate it was. Thanks for sharing your opinion with us, Vince. Now let's hear what some of your fellow readers have to say!

Dear Marvel,

I must say that I was glad to pick up D.P. 7 #14. In a month of otherwise fairly mediocre New Universe stories, this title's story grabbed my attention and reminded me of why I started reading D.P. 7 in the first place. Recently the stories had been getting pretty lame, what with Dave acting the way he looks — neanderthalic — after his return to the clinic, and other similarly unlikely/uncharacteristic things happening in the book. The end of #13 showed a ray of hope for the improvement of the book when Dex Charne was killed by Randy's antibody — not in that he was killed, but in the thought as to whether or not Randy was responsible for it. The inventive twisting of the characters' lives due to their paranormalities is one of the better attributes of the book and this was a sign that maybe better stories were on the way, if not due to the implications of the above, then at least maybe you were on the right track after a few issues of flubbing around.

This is not to say that #14 is perfect. Charly's feelings towards Randy are too suddenly introduced to the reader; the handling of Dave's similar situation, the eventualness of it, was a much better handling of that kind of story. Another glaringly bad piece was the way you passed right over the explanation of Charne's death to the authorities. The anti-racist racials are a usual plotline, but the use of them was better than average. The art was good as usual, and the dialogue, with the exception of my next comment was done well.

Please, please, *PLEASE*, don't have characters curse. "Jerkholes," "Flying fig," and "Shinola" just don't cut it. I realize that you're bound by standards and the Comics Code, but to put in these versions of the real expressions just hurts yourself. The object of your doing it is to make the dialogue more realistic, but it just detracts from it, causing the reader to either say, "What kind of an idiot is she? That's not how you say it," or to step back and think "They aren't allowed to write the real thing;" in either case, the reader is separated from the story, alienated just a bit.

Anyway, I haven't much more to say. I'm glad that the issues are finally getting better and back up the previous state of quality.

Clive D. Young
2 Detmer Ave.
Tarrytown, NY 10591

Thanks for writing, Clive. As for the fake "curse" words — what do the rest of you New Uniphiles think? Obviously, we're partial to preserving the "rhythms" of naturalistic speech even if the actual words that make up such speech are too vulgar to put in print. But if enough of you object, we'll get our writer to cut out that kind of . . . shem, crud.

Dear Mark and Paul,

I have been following D.P. 7 since its inception and let me tell you that I think issue #14 is the best to date. To set the record straight, all issues of the D.P.'s have been great, but #14 rises above the previous issues because of its portrayal of a very serious problem in this world; racism.

I wish that after the 1960's that racism had become an archaic term, but unfortunately in this day and age of Reagan, Bork, and Mecham, it is far worse than it has ever been post Civil Rights struggles of the late 1950's to early 1960's. Racism in America has been increasing while media exposure of it has been decreasing. The entertainment industry has also chose not to dwell on this problem anymore. Today the media and many of our leaders simply want us to believe that the races are now equal and that there is quality and understanding of social justice for all. This is not so and if anything the status of minorities in this country is worse thanks to an underlying code of racism in the hierarchy.

Comic books have also fallen into this trap. The 1960's brought changes to the industry and this is evident in the way comics portray all races and sexes in all social strata. I commend the industry in breaking racial and sexual stereotypes. Unfortunately tension and uneasiness are seldom depicted amongst the characters of different colors, nationality and sex. We all want to believe that our heroes get along in the Marvel Universe, but in the real world racism exists and now it is finally portrayed in the New Universe. The New Universe is not much different from ours and you know that White America may have trouble with black super heroes.

We finally see the real and not-so-good personalities of our D.P.'s in this issue. First of all Randy is a complete fool to turn down Charly. He should have his head examined — I don't care if she was purple! He obviously has some deep reservations about dating a black woman. I really hope that your portrayal of this situation in D.P. 7 will have your readers thinking about their own feelings towards "people of another color."

There were so many interesting developments on social structuring and racial polarity in this issue that I can hardly elaborate on them in one letter. The Black Powers Group, Jeff being labeled an "Oreo," and an apparently apathetic D.P. 5 all lead to interesting discussions on the topic of racism. I hope you don't stop there. This issue has opened the door to a whole slew of character reactions centered on the aforementioned topic. Maybe issue #14 has opened up feelings with the readers too. Let's hope so. Good luck and please continue the superb work.

Craig Romano
79 Londonderry Rd.
Windham, NH 03087

Thanks, Craig. Our point in D.P. 7 like any other comic book, is simply to entertain, but if we can get people to *think* while they're being entertained — great. We had no great "message" to convey in issue #14. We simply used the racism issue as a backgrop for what we saw was a love story. But unlike in *Romeo and Juliet*, where the lovers were able to overcome their family backgrounds, Randy couldn't. Yes, there are unlikable traits in our D.P.'s, traits that lie dormant until circumstances bring them forth. Before they were paranormal, they were normal . . . with the same hang-ups, prejudices, or qualities anyone might have. I guess we'll have to look elsewhere for perfect role models, huh?